THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No.34 EVERY MONDAY 9d

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SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

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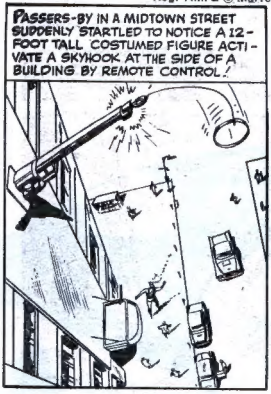

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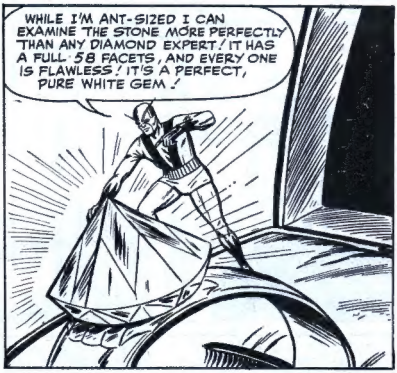
FIRST THING TO DO NOW IS TAKE A SHRINKING CAPSULE!
WHAT I HAVE TO DO NOW CAN BE DONE BETTER WHILE I'M ANT-SIZED!

THERE IT IS, JUST WHERE I LEFT IT! IT'S TAKEN ME MONTHS TO GET UP THE COURAGE, BUT I'M FINALLY GOING TO OFFER JAN AN ENGAGEMENT RING AND ASK HER TO MARRY ME!

THE JEWELER LETTERED THE INSCRIPTION PERFECTLY, JUST AS I ASKED HIM TO!
I LOVE YOU


WHILE I'M ANT-SIZED I CAN EXAMINE THE STONE MORE PERFECTLY THAN ANY DIAMOND EXPERT! IT HAS A FULL 58 FACETS, AND EVERY ONE IS FLAWLESS! IT'S A PERFECT, PURE WHITE GEM!

EVERYTHING IS READY FOR HER! I JUST HAVE TO PRAY THAT SHE SAYS "YES"! AND NOW...
MY ANTENNAE ARE TINGLING! IT MEANS SHE'S APPROACHING!! I'LL HIDE THE RING.. FAST!

HI, HANK! LIKE MY NEW HAIRDO AND HEADPIECE?
YOU'D LOOK GORGEOUS IN A FRIGHT WIG, JAN DARLING!

WHAT SAY WE SWITCH BACK TO NORMAL SIZE, BOSS MAN?
STRANGE... I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM LOOK SO NERVOUS BEFORE!
SURE, JAN! THE BIGGER YOU ARE, THE MORE OF YOU THERE IS FOR ME TO ENJOY LOOKING AT!

HANK IS GREAT WITH THE COMPLIMENTS, BUT HE NEVER THINKS OF MARRIAGE! THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO TRY TO MAKE HIM JEALOUS!
OH, I JUST REMEMBERED, HANK! I HAVE TO BE RUNNING NOW! I'M INVITED TO A PARTY!

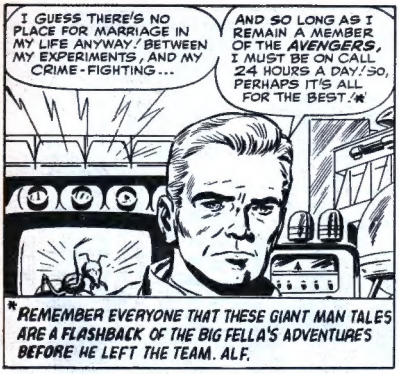
A PARTY!? BUT I..I WANTED TO... I MEAN...
I'M SORRY, BLUE EYES! IT'S BEING THROWN BY STERLING STUYVESANT, FROM A THRILLINGLY RICH FAMILY! WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS, AND TONIGHT I SUSPECT HE'S GOING TO PROPOSE!

THERE! IF HANK HAS ANY FEELING FOR ME AT ALL IN THAT SCIENTIFIC HEART OF HIS, THAT OUGHT TO STIR HIM INTO SOME ACTION! AND IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'LL JUST HAVE TO GIVE UP!
WHAT A FOOL I WAS... THINKING SHE CARED FOR ME! I EVEN BOUGHT THE RING! SHE'D PROBABLY HAVE LAUGHED IN MY FACE IF I OFFERED IT TO HER!

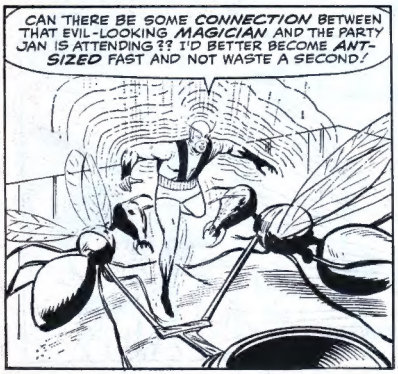
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! AN EX-DEBUTANTE... A BLUE-BLOOD, THE CREAM OF SOCIETY! SHE GETS HER KICKS BEING MY PARTNER IN PERIL... BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ROMANCE, SHE WANTS SOMEONE AS WEALTHY AS HERSELF!

THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR OUT-CLASSING MYSELF! FOR TRYING TO GET OUT OF MY LEAGUE! I'M JUST A SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURER... I WAS NEVER CUT OUT TO BE A DON JUAN!

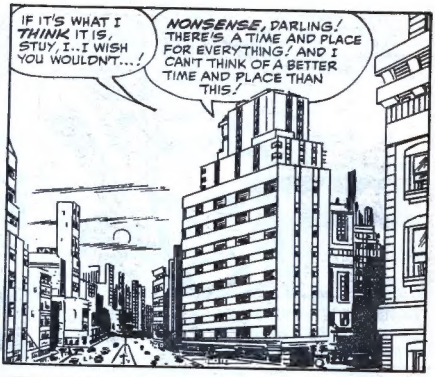
SO UPSET, SO FRUSTRATED IS HENRY PYM, THAT HE DOESN'T NOTICE ONE OF HIS OBSERVER ANTS, TRYING DESPERATELY TO SIGNAL HIM VIA HIS CYBERNETIC COMMUNICATOR...
BUT I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING HER... EVEN THOUGH SHE NEVER SUSPECTS IT!



*REMEMBER EVERYONE THAT THESE GIANT MAN TALES ARE A FLASHBACK OF THE BIG FELLA'S ADVENTURES BEFORE HE LEFT THE TEAM. ALF.

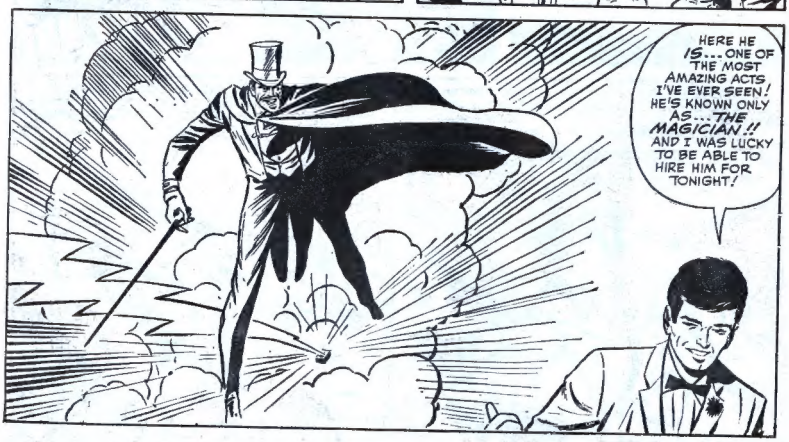


BUT LET US GO BACK JUST A FEW MINUTES, TO THE SCENE OF STERLING STUYVESANT'S PARTY...
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT QUESTION TO ASK YOU TONIGHT, JAN DEAR!

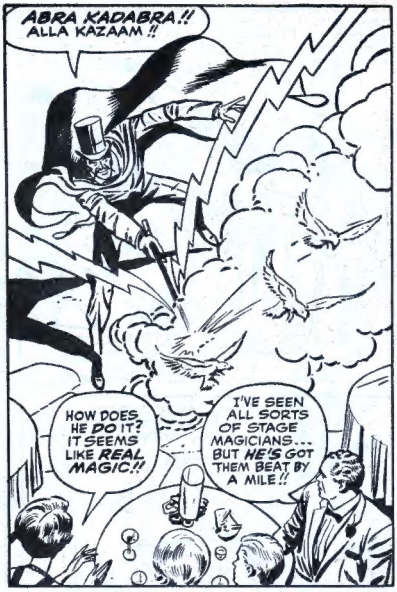

IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, STUY, I..I WISH YOU WOULDN'T...!
NONSENSE, DARLING! THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING! AND I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER TIME AND PLACE THAN THIS!

JAN, WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE WE WERE YOUNGSTERS IN SOUTHHAMPTON! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU!
STUY...PLEASE! LET'S SAVE IT TILL LATER...TILL AFTER THE PARTY!

OKAY, THEN, WE'LL GET THE PARTY OVER WITH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, FRIENDS?
I WANT TO ANNOUNCE OUR ENTERTAINMENT FOR TONIGHT!


HERE HE IS...ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING ACTS I'VE EVER SEEN! HE'S KNOWN ONLY AS...THE MAGICIAN!! AND I WAS LUCKY TO BE ABLE TO HIRE HIM FOR TONIGHT!

DON'T MOVE!! REMAIN AS YOU ARE... WHERE YOU ARE!! YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE INCREDIBLE!!! THE IMPOSSIBLE!!
MODEST, ISN'T HE?!


ABRA KADABRA!! ALLA KAZAAM!!
HOW DOES HE DO IT? IT SEEMS LIKE REAL MAGIC!!
I'VE SEEN ALL SORTS OF STAGE MAGICIANS... BUT HE'S GOT THEM BEAT BY A MILE!!

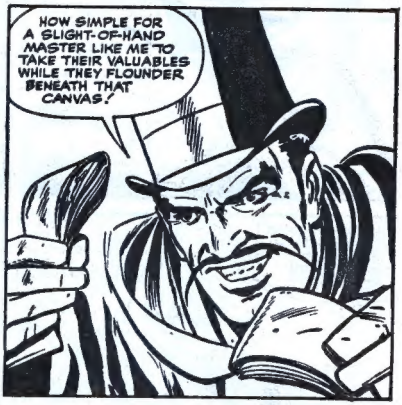
HE CERTAINLY IS SENSATIONAL, STUY! WHERE DID YOU EVER FIND HIM??
HE FOUND ME, JAN! HE HEARD OF MY PARTY, AND OFFERED TO PERFORM HERE TONIGHT!

NO WONDER YOU ARE SO WEALTHY, MR. STUYVESANT! I SEE YOU CAN EVEN MAKE COINS COME OUT OF YOUR EAR!

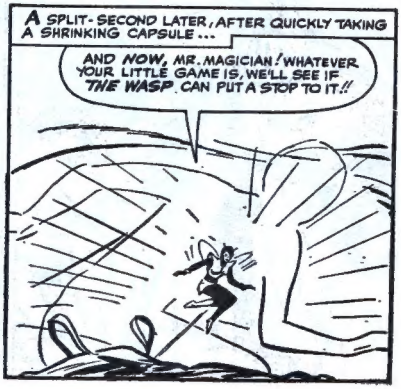
FOR YOU, MY LOVELY... A BOUQUET!

AND NOW, THE GRAND FINALE TO MY ACT!!
WHERE DID THAT HUGE CANVAS COME FROM? WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW??

DOES THIS ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS, YOU UNSUSPECTING FOOLS?!


HOW SIMPLE FOR A SLIGHT-OF-HAND MASTER LIKE ME TO TAKE THEIR VALUABLES WHILE THEY FLOUNDER BENEATH THAT CANVAS!

BUT THERE IS ONE WHO IS NOT "FLOUNDERING"!!
GOOD THING I BROUGHT MY WASP COSTUME WITH ME! IT'S SO TINY I WAS ABLE TO STUFF IT INSIDE THE SPECIAL HOLLOW SECTION OF MY BRACELET!


A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, AFTER QUICKLY TAKING A SHRINKING CAPSULE...
AND NOW, MR. MAGICIAN! WHATEVER YOUR LITTLE GAME IS, WE'LL SEE IF THE WASP CAN PUT A STOP TO IT!!

ALL RIGHT, YOU PHONY! I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO RETURN ALL THE WALLETS AND JEWELS YOU HAVE STOLEN!
THE WASP!!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! YOU ARE NOT THREATENING SOME SIMPLE PICK POCKET!
YOUR CANE! THE TOP IS OPENING! THERE'S A... SUCTION MOTOR... INSIDE... PULLING ME IN!!
SO THAT'S HOW YOU MANAGED TO MAKE SO MANY THINGS DISAPPEAR DURING YOUR... MMMFFF!!

THIS IS A GREATER HAUL THAN I EVER EXPECTED! THE JEWELS AND MONEY MEAN NOTHING NOW!! I'VE CAPTURED THE FAMOUS WASP!!

AND SO I SHALL LEAVE... AS EFFORTLESSLY... AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS I ARRIVED...
JAN!! WHERE ARE YOU?!

SOME PARTIES YOU THROW, STUYVESANT!! WE'VE ALL BEEN HUMILIATED, AS WELL AS ROBBED!! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR MAGICIAN NOW?!!

SECONDS LATER, ALL IS QUIET ATOP THE POSH PENTHOUSE SUITE OF STERLING STUYVESANT... WITH THE MAGICIAN AND HIS PRISONER NOWHERE IN SIGHT!!
HE'S GONE!! BUT WHERE...?? HOW...??

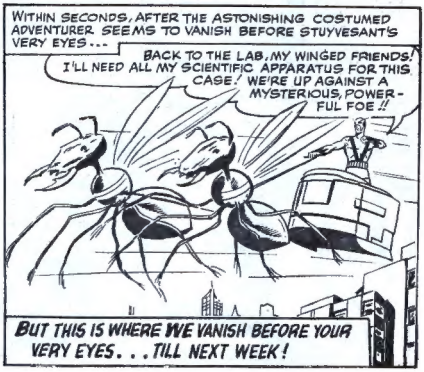
AS THE BAFFLED PLAYBOY SPEAKS, HE DOESN'T NOTICE THE THREE ANTS CRAWLING ALONG THE LEDGE BELOW HIM! BUT, ARE THEY THREE ANTS?? IF HE WERE TO LOOK DOWN AND STUDY THEM, HE WOULD SEE TWO ANTS ...PLUS... ANT-MAN!!
I'M ALMOST READY TO BELIEVE HE IS A MAGICIAN!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! THE MAGICIAN IS GONE, AND HE'S CAPTURED JAN, TOO! I'VE GOT TO BECOME NORMAL-SIZE QUICKLY AND SPEAK TO STUYVESANT!!

WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET HERE? THIS ISN'T A COSTUME PARTY!!
I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, FELLA! I WANT TO FIND THE MAGICIAN! AND I WANT TO FIND HIM FAST! NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM!

I CAN ANSWER IN ONE WORD... NOTHING! HE CONTACTED ME YESTERDAY AND OFFERED TO PERFORM AT MY PARTY! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S FROM... I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME!!
YOU'RE A MINE OF INFORMATION AREN'T YOU?!

I'M BEING UNFAIR TO STUYVESANT! THIS ISN'T HIS FAULT! I'M JUST JEALOUS DUE TO JAN! BUT THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO HERE!
IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING MORE, CALL THE POLICE! TELL THEM TO CONTACT GIANT-MAN! THEY'LL KNOW HOW!


WITHIN SECONDS, AFTER THE ASTONISHING COSTUMED ADVENTURER SEEMS TO VANISH BEFORE STUYVESANT'S VERY EYES...
I'LL NEED ALL MY SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS FOR THIS CASE! WE'RE UP AGAINST A MYSTERIOUS, POWERFUL FOE!!
BACK TO THE LAB, MY WINGED FRIENDS!
BUT THIS IS WHERE WE VANISH BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES... TILL NEXT WEEK!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I would like to say how much I enjoy your comic. I think the Avengers are the greatest. That Giant Man is no slouch either. Doctor Strange is getting better too. Now I would like to talk to you about Don Starr. He, in my opinion, makes the comic complete. His adventures are exciting and they keep the reader on his toes in suspense until the next week! The script and art are improving with each issue. By the way, who draws Don Starr? I see that you have *Smash*, *Wham*, *Pow* and *Fantastic* annuals out, so how about a *Terrific* annual? In my humble opinion *Terrific* is just what it says on the heading, *The Best Of British Comics*. Well I've just about run out of things to say, but I would like to add my vote for the Captain America strip being printed. How about printing this strip—I'm sure it would explain a lot of things about Cap, such as his origin.
Philip Dester,
Wigston Magna, Leicester.

Power will print the Captain America saga one sunny day, Phil, but we just like keeping you all in agony suspense *waiting*! Like you're going to have to *wait* till 1968 for a Terrific annual –our book department just didn't have time to prepare one for this Christmas. We were glowing with quiet pride when we read your remarks on Don Starr, at the moment the dramatic brush of Barry Mitchel inks him into the mag.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Just thought I'd drop you a line to say that I perfectly agree with the idea that N. S. S. R. Luke had in Terrific No. 27. Sorry to say though that I'm an N.S.S. already, so this letter most probably won't be printed (sob, sob). I've just thought of a great name for the newspaper boy at the top of the letter page: TERRY TERRIFIC!! Great name, huh! PULEEZ could you send me a T-shirt 'cos I ain't got nothing really *respectable* to wear!
Gareth J. Roberts,
Rhymney, Monmouthshire.

Terry Terrific, eh! It's certainly got that catchy power sound, Gareth. One thing though: is Terry a N.S.S. ('Nuff said sayer) or merely a R.F.O. (Real Frantic One) because although he has never had a letter published he *does* appear on the page almost every week!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Prince Namor, he lives in the deep
Where all the fish roam free.
He sits and he rules o'er Atlantis,
Fighting the terrors of the sea.
Now Alf and Bart live in London
And read letters till they go to bed.
But when they come to answer us
All they can say is "NUFF SAID"!
Your frantic friend.
M. F. Arnold,
Thelwall, Cheshire.
'NUFF said!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Maestros,
I am one of those who really dig a good baddy—and for my money the HUMAN TOP out tops the lot! Not only is he a really way-out guy, handsome and brave as well, but he even makes high pockets look DUMB. The Top is enough to *turn* the head of any girl—no wonder the WASP went into a SPIN when she saw him!
I know that he's EVIL but I'd really HUM if I could see him dancing—boy I bet he can WALTZ!!
From female Sue Harper,
London.

Here's a pin up for you, Sue.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alfabetical and Bartabetical,
If you look back into ish No. 27 you will find that on page 35 you have made a boo boo. Instead of the Mystery Girl having the same legs, she had her left leg different when you compare it with her right leg. Sorry about bad writing but my hands are itching to hold my own Avengers T-shirt!
Martin Simpson,
London, S.W.1.

As you say, M.S., the artist does appear to have *mystically erased* part of the woof and weft of the silver haired girl's tights so that one of her ankles meets our frantic gaze. Looks as if one of Bart's socks might have made a useful stand in!!
Alf.

Dear Alf and Bart,
What's the idea???! In *Smash 84* you print a letter that is a carbon copy of a letter written to *Marvel* comics. And in *Terrific 27*, you print a letter almost identical to that one. And I've written four *original* letters to power comics, and haven't yet seen one in print. And I know the Puppet Master looks like a cat, but do you have to give him nine lives as well? He is introduced in *Wham 136*, in a battle with the F.F. In ish 138 he falls out of a tall building, and they even see his body there. Either that guy that fell was an imposter, or they didn't pick up his body, for he turns up again in a later *Wham* controlling the mind of the Sub Mariner. He gets supposedly killed in the end, but he fights Namor again in *Terrific 9-11*. Are you sure there's only one Puppet Master? Why doesn't the Wasp *do* anything??!! All she does is fly around Giant Man's Head! And where does she fly off to in ish 9? Yours very confused, your quizzer of quizmasters.
Howard Pizzey,
London

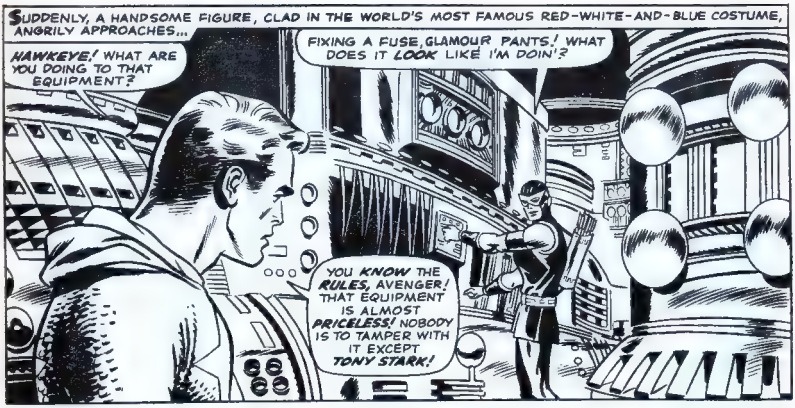
We're sorry about the copy-cat letters, Quizzer, the fact is if people are going to send in *other people's* letters and we haven't read the originals then there's always a chance that they'll get printed. As for the Puppet Master, in the fight with the octopus he escaped from the tentacles at the last minute and fled – to dream up his next nasty piece of villiany!
And just in case you thought we'd forgotten the Wasp's disappearance in issue nine (as if we would) we'll tell you just what happened in wait for it a *future Avengers' epic!*
Alf and Bart.

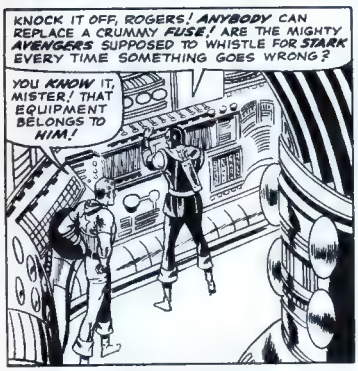
At the risk of boring the pants off you all—we'd just like to remind you that, pants or no pants, no well-dressed R.F.O. should be without an AVENGER T-shirt. And the only way to get hold of one is to have a screed printed right here on this page!

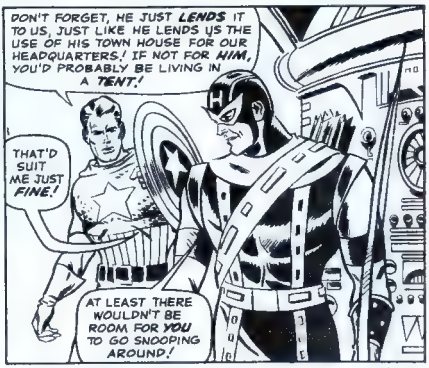
THE FABULOUS NEW
EAGLE HOVERCRAFT
Length 13 ins.

ONLY 22'6 POST FREE
A genuine working model. Soars on its own air cushion. Very easy to assemble kit. Includes powerful electric motor.
SCOTTS MODELS, (Dept. T). 147 Derby Street, Bolton

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!
"THE BITTER TASTE OF DEFEAT!"
IN THE FIRST FEW MONTHS OF THEIR FORMATION, THE NEW TEAM OF AVENGERS PROVED TO BE MORE THAN EQUAL TO THE TASKS THAT BEFELL THEM! BUT NOW, THEY ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THEIR FIRST DISASTER! WHAT EFFECT WILL DEFEAT HAVE UPON THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER KNOWN AUGHT BUT VICTORY?
HOW ABOUT THAT! ONE FAULTY FUSE AND A ZILLION ELECTRONIC GIZMOS GO ON THE BLINK AROUND HERE!
LEAVE IT TO US TO BEGIN OUR TALE IN THE MOST UNLIKELY WAY... WITH A PROSAIC SHOT OF HAWKEYE CASUALLY FIXING A FUSE! AHH, BUT WAIT! WE'LL GATHER STEAM AS WE ROLL ALONG...!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

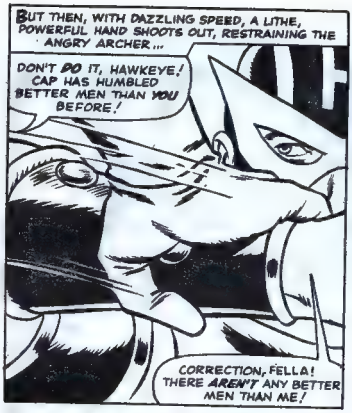

SUDDENLY, A HANDSOME FIGURE, CLAD IN THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE COSTUME, ANGRILY APPROACHES...
HAWKEYE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THAT EQUIPMENT?
FIXING A FUSE, GLAMOUR PANTS! WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOIN'?
YOU KNOW THE RULES, AVENGER! THAT EQUIPMENT IS ALMOST PRICELESS! NOBODY IS TO TAMPER WITH IT EXCEPT TONY STARK!


KNOCK IT OFF, ROGERS! ANYBODY CAN REPLACE A CRUMMY FUSE! ARE THE MIGHTY AVENGERS SUPPOSED TO WHISTLE FOR STARK EVERY TIME SOMETHING GOES WRONG?
YOU KNOW IT, MISTER! THAT EQUIPMENT BELONGS TO HIM!


DON'T FORGET, HE JUST LENDS IT TO US, JUST LIKE HE LENDS US THE USE OF HIS TOWN HOUSE FOR OUR HEADQUARTERS! IF NOT FOR HIM, YOU'D PROBABLY BE LIVING IN A TENT!
THAT'D SUIT ME JUST FINE!
AT LEAST THERE WOULDN'T BE ROOM FOR YOU TO GO SNOOPING AROUND!

LOOK, HOT-SHOT, YOU'VE BEEN RIDING ME EVER SINCE YOU JOINED US! I CHALKED IT UP TO YOUR SWELLED HEAD AND BIG MOUTH, AND LET IT PASS!
BUT NOW YOU'RE STARTING TO REALLY BUG ME, MISTER-- SO I'M WARNING YOU...

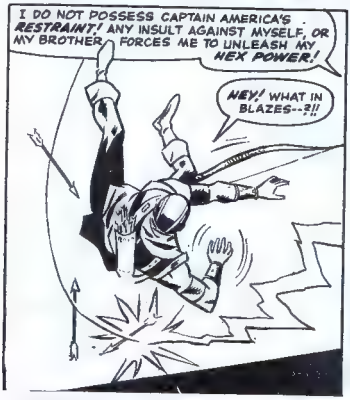
YOU'RE WARNING ME?! YOU OVER-RATED HAS-BEEN, I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' FOR A CHANCE TO CHANGE THAT PARTING IN YOUR HAIR!
OKAY, HAWKEYE! I GUESS IT'S TIME I TAUGHT YOU THAT YOUR JUNIOR ROBIN HOOD KIT DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO THROW YOUR WEIGHT AROUND!


BUT THEN, WITH DAZZLING SPEED, A LITHE, POWERFUL HAND SHOOTS OUT, RESTRAINING THE ANGRY ARCHER...
DON'T DO IT, HAWKEYE! CAP HAS HUMBLED BETTER MEN THAN YOU BEFORE!
CORRECTION, FELLA! THERE AREN'T ANY BETTER MEN THAN ME!

SIMMER DOWN, STEVE ROGERS! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE OUR LEADER! YOU MUST DISPLAY MORE SELF-CONTROL THAN WE MERE UNDERLINGS!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, PIETRO! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE GAINED BY TAKING ON HAWKEYE!
NO, NOTHING EXCEPT THE FAT LIP YOU'D BE SURE TO END UP WITH, SMART GUY!

WHY AREN'T YOU HONEST WITH YOURSELF, HAWKEYE? YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS CAPTAIN AMERICA IS CAUSED BY ONLY ONE THING--JEALOUSY! YOU WISH THAT YOU WERE OUR LEADER!
THAT'S NO SECRET, BEAUTIFUL! I COULD DO A BETTER JOB THAN METHUSELAH THERE WITH MY EYES CLOSED!

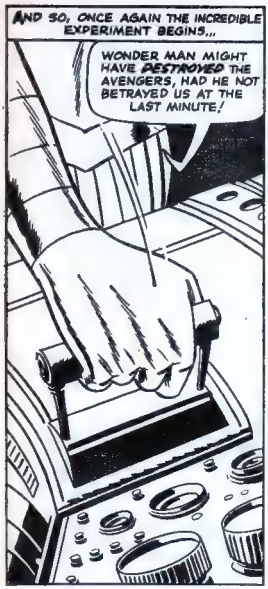
PERHAPS! BUT, IF EVER WE DO MAKE A NEW CHOICE, MY VOTE WILL GO TO MY BROTHER, QUICKSILVER! HIS POWER IS GREATER THAN YOURS, AND HE IS NOT AS HOT-TEMPERED!
WELL, GOODY FOR HIM! WHAT WOULD HE DO WITHOUT YOU TO SPEAK UP FOR HIM--SIT IN A CORNER AND CRY?


I DO NOT POSSESS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S RESTRAINT! ANY INSULT AGAINST MYSELF, OR MY BROTHER, FORCES ME TO UNLEASH MY HEX POWER!
HEY! WHAT IN BLAZES--?!!

WANDA! I'VE TOLD YOU TO CURB THOSE HEX BOLTS OF YOURS! YOU MIGHT HAVE INJURED HAWKEYE--AND WE NEED ALL OUR FIGHTING STRENGTH!
HIS TOUCH! SO STRONG--AND YET, SO GENTLE...!
ROGERS! HAVE A CARE HOW YOU SPEAK TO MY SISTER!

IT IS ALL RIGHT, PIETRO! DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF!
I SUGGEST WE ALL TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT! THESE DAYS OF INACTION HAVE MADE US EDGY AND TENSE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, ROGERS! A GUY YOUR AGE NEEDS ALL THE SLEEP HE CAN GET!
BUT, THE TIME HAS COME TO LEAVE OUR HOT-TEMPERED HEROES FOR A MOMENT, AND JOURNEY TO A REMOTE SECTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS AMAZON JUNGLE, WHERE WE FIND...
EVER SINCE ZEMO WAS KILLED IN HIS BATTLE WITH THE AVENGERS, I'VE REMAINED HERE ALONE, NOT DARING TO LEAVE THE JUNGLE AS ALL HIS OTHER SOLDIERS-OF-FORTUNE DID!
---I JOINED ZEMO YEARS AGO--BECAUSE I WAS WANTED IN EUROPE FOR SMUGGLING...!
INTERPOL WILL STILL BE LOOKING FOR ME! IF I LEAVE THE JUNGLE, I WOULDN'T LAST A WEEK!
BUT HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I REMAIN, BEFORE MY AMMUNITION RUNS OUT--BEFORE I'M REDUCED TO UTTER HELPLESSNESS---WITHOUT WEAPONS--WITH AN INJURED LEG--!
THE ONLY THING THAT CAN HELP ME LIES BURIED BENEATH THIS RUBBLE! I'VE BEEN DIGGING FOR MONTHS--AND I'VE FINALLY BROKEN THROUGH TO IT!
THERE'S THE ENTRANCE NOW! I HAVE BUT TO UNLATCH THE DOOR...
MINUTES LATER...
THIS IS IT-- THE FANTASTIC LABORATORY WHERE ZEMO, AIDED BY THE ENCHANTRESS, AND THE EXECUTIONER, CREATED THE ONE CALLED WONDER MAN!*
I STILL REMEMBER HOW IT HAPPENED--AS THOUGH IT WERE ONLY YESTERDAY!
*AS WE SAW IN THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN ISSUE TERRIFIC ?!

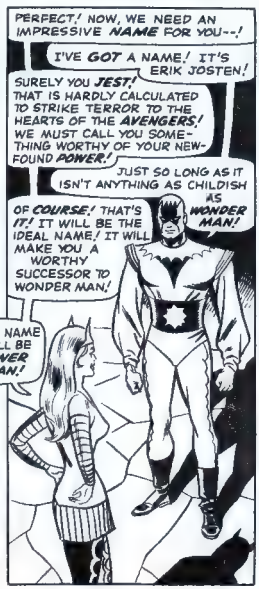
"ZEMO PLACED HIS SUBJECT, A MERE NOBODY, UPON THE TABLE, BENEATH SOME SORT OF INCREDIBLE ENERGY BEAM..."
"IT WAS LIKE A SCENE FROM SOME FOOLISH WAY OUT SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE! I WAS CONVINCED IT WOULD NEVER WORK..."
"BUT, I WAS WRONG! FOR, A SHORT TIME LATER, THE ORDINARY NON-ENTITY WHO HAD LAIN UPON THE TABLE WAS TRANSFORMED INTO WONDER MAN, A CREATURE OF ALMOST UNIMAGINABLE POWER!"
ROAR
ALL OF ZEMO'S MACHINES --ALL THE EQUIPMENT WHICH PERFORMED THAT SEEMING MIRACLE, ARE HERE IN THIS CHAMBER!
BUT, NOT BEING A SCIENTIST, I CAN ONLY GUESS AT HOW THEY WORK! DO I DARE TRY TO USE THEM ON-- MYSELF??
AND, IN A FAR DISTANT LAND, THE EXILED IMMORTAL FROM ASGARD -- THE COLD-HEARTED BEAUTY KNOWN AS THE ENCHANTRESS --MAKES A FATEFUL DECISION!
THIS IS THE CHANCE I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!
OF ALL WHO FOUGHT THE AVENGERS, WONDER MAN CAME CLOSEST TO DEFEATING THEM! AND NOW, FATE IS OFFERING ME A SECOND CHANCE...!
PUT DOWN YOUR CRUDE EARTH WEAPON! IT CAN HAVE NO EFFECT UPON ME!
THE ENCHANTRESS! YOU--YOU APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE!
NOT QUITE--THOUGH IT WOULD SEEM THAT WAY TO ONE NOT VERSED IN THE ART OF SORCERY!
I HAVE COME TO OFFER YOU AN OPPORTUNITY SUCH AS BEFALLS FEW MORTALS! I KNOW THE POWER YOU DESIRE--AND I AM PREPARED TO GIVE IT TO YOU!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL WORK ZEMO'S MACHINE FOR ME!??
FROM THIS DAY ON, I DO BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS! LET'S GO!


AND SO, ONCE AGAIN THE INCREDIBLE EXPERIMENT BEGINS...
WONDER MAN MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED THE AVENGERS, HAD HE NOT BETRAYED US AT THE LAST MINUTE!

AND, BY BETRAYING US, HE DIED!
BUT YOU SHALL NOT BETRAY US! FOR, UNLIKE OUR FIRST SUBJECT, YOU LOVE LIFE TOO MUCH TO WILLINGLY GIVE IT UP!
AND NOW, AWAKE-- FOR THE PROCESS HAS BEEN COMPLETED!

IT WORKED! I CAN FEEL THE STRENGTH SURGING WITHIN ME! AND MY LEG ---IT'S ALL HEALED!
YOU WILL FIND A SUITABLE COSTUME NEXT DOOR! PUT IT ON!
A COSTUME? WHO NEEDS IT?

YOU DO! FOR YOU HAVE NOW BECOME A LIVING SYMBOL OF THE MASTERS OF EVIL--AND YOU MUST BE SUITABLY GARBED!
IF YOU ASK ME, THIS IS REAL CORNBALL STUFF--BUT, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY--


PERFECT! NOW, WE NEED AN IMPRESSIVE NAME FOR YOU--!
I'VE GOT A NAME! IT'S ERIK JOSTEN!
SURELY YOU JEST! THAT IS HARDLY CALCULATED TO STRIKE TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF THE AVENGERS! WE MUST CALL YOU SOMETHING WORTHY OF YOUR NEW-FOUND POWER!
JUST SO LONG AS IT ISN'T ANYTHING AS CHILDISH AS WONDER MAN!
OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! IT WILL BE THE IDEAL NAME! IT WILL MAKE YOU A WORTHY SUCCESSOR TO WONDER MAN!
YOUR NAME SHALL BE POWER MAN!

AWW, SO WHAT! IT'S CORNY AS ALL GET-OUT, BUT WHO CARES? ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT I NEED FEAR NOTHING NOW!
FOR MONTHS I HAVE ALLIED MYSELF WITH MY FELLOW IMMORTAL, THE EXECUTIONER! BUT, HE WAS A FOOL! YOU HAVE WITS AS WELL AS STRENGTH! WE SHALL ACCOMPLISH MUCH, WE TWO!
LADY, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

THAT WRAPS THE AVENGERS UP FOR THIS WEEK BUG-EYED ONES! DON'T MISS TERRIFIC 35's NERVE SPLITTING EPISODE!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

TAKE COVER! 'Cos here we go BLOWING OUR OWN TRUMPET AGAIN! Never having been accused of being *overly* modest we just can't *think* why we've never yet penned praise for BASHFUL BRIAN GREEN, fellow-garreteer, layout artist . . . *and music maker*!! So now hear this! Not only is Brian the leader of his own jazz band . . . (in which he makes with the drums)! Not only have Brian and his outfit played on radio and television! Not only has the B.G. Jazzband been disced by record company Fontana (and, incidentally, playing one of the lad's own compositions) . . . BUT . . . Brian and the boys were chosen to represent BRITAIN at the Zurich Jazz Festival a few weeks back. There, they gave concerts for a whole week. Competed against jazz outfits from all over the world, including Russia and America. And covered themselves with a lot of glory they did, too!

Nor is Brian the *only* member of the garret gang on the music kick. GENIAL GEOFF COWAN, one of the sub-editor team, not only long ago played lead guitar with some well-known pop groups, but also put in time as drummer-vocalist. Artman ROG BARNDEN once ran a widely-read Pop Column and is on first-name terms with the big stars.

The rest of us are bustin' with pride, of course! But we still keep wondering . . . HOW *DO* THEY FIND THE TIME?

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Charlotte Joseph, Tisbury, Wiltshire; James Oliver, Acomb, Yorks; Vanessa Anders, Abingdon, Berkshire; Richard Todd, Coventry; Paul Probert, Coventry; Mark Walker, Bradford, Yorks; Libby Hunt, Cheltenham, Glos.; John Clarke, Leicester; Sarah Lee Thomas, Paignton, Devon; Alison Marshall, Chester, Cheshire; Wilma Smith, Paisley, Scotland; Deirdre McIntyre, King's Lynn; Paul Robinson, Stanley, Co. Durham; Paul Hoare, Sydenham; Terry Durney, Leyland, Lancs; John McCorkindale, Glasgow, Scotland; John Witchell, Buckhurst Hill, Essex; Vera Tame, Ashingdon, Essex; Gareth Jones, Deeside, Flintshire; Debbie Robertson, Wood Green, London, N.22.

HERE'S an item about POWER with a difference! Namely THE POWER MAN! No, not you, Alf! . . . but this week's mighty menace matched against THE AVENGERS in 'Terrific'! Given special and fearful powers by The Enchantress of glorious memory (and *don't* these regular baddies keep going the rounds?!) THE POWER MAN sparks off one of the most action-full and downright *unforgettable* tales ever to appear in any comic anywhere. And while you're digging down right now for that ninepence with which you are just about to rush over to the nearest newsagent to *get* this week's Terrific, here's another appetite-whettener to carry with you on the way . . . it's the same issue in which DOC STRANGE finds . . . "The End at Last"! Intriguing? Wait till you *read* it, tiger!

TEN TO ONE YOU WANT

EXCITEMENT! ADVENTURE!! FUN!!!

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Doctor Strange
The Fantastic Four

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SUPERANNUALS FOR A SUPER CHRISTMAS
ORDER YOUR COPIES TODAY!

DON STARR HAS AN... APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR!

UNEARTHLY HAUNTINGS HAVE BROUGHT DON STARR TO BRATHBY HALL, HOME OF THE WEALTHY AMERICAN MARTIN FLAXMANN. DON SUSPECTS PETER RAWLINGS, WHO DISAPPEARS. THEN, IN A SECRET PASSAGE DON BECOMES A HELPLESS VICTIM, STRUGGLING IN THE STICKY WEB OF A HUGE, DEADLY SPIDER...

IF ONLY I COULD GET MY HANDS FREE! BUT THIS GLUE HOLDS THEM TIGHT! I'M TRAPPED!

A SUDDEN MOVEMENT MAKES HIS HOPES LEAP.. ONLY TO DIE AGAIN...

RAWLINGS! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED HE WAS BEHIND THIS. AND ONLY HALF AN HOUR AGO I HAD HIM HELPLESS!

O.K., RAWLINGS! WHAT DO I GET... A BITE FROM THE SPIDER OR A BULLET FROM THE GUN?

QUIET, STARR! JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES!

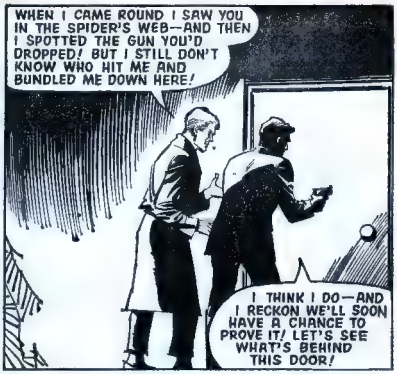
WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU KILL A MAN WHO'S LOOKING AT YOU?

THE GUN ROARS...

YOU...YOU KILLED THE SPIDER!

OF COURSE I DID! YOU SAVED MY LIFE A WHILE BACK, STARR! GUESS THAT MAKES US EVEN! NOW LET'S CUT YOU FREE AND SEE HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IT'S NICE TO HAVE FRIENDS! BUT HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE?
WHEN I SAW THE GHOST OF COLONEL LAWTON IN THE CORRIDOR I CHARGED AFTER IT! I HEARD YOU SHOUT, BUT AS I TURNED THE CORNER SOMETHING HIT ME AND I WENT OUT COLD!

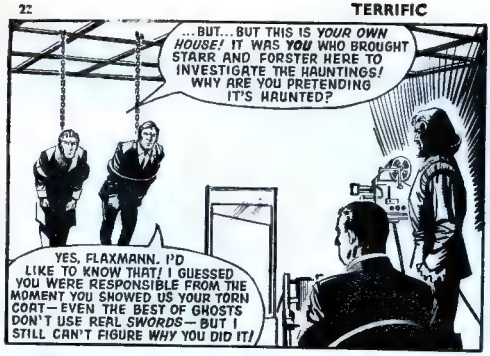

WHEN I CAME ROUND I SAW YOU IN THE SPIDER'S WEB—AND THEN I SPOTTED THE GUN YOU'D DROPPED! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHO HIT ME AND BUNDLED ME DOWN HERE!
I THINK I DO—AND I RECKON WE'LL SOON HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE IT! LET'S SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR!

THE DOOR REVEALS A FLIGHT OF STEPS...
SSSHHH! THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THESE STEPS! AND BEHIND IT MUST BE THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY! COME ON!

SUDDENLY THEIR FEET ARE WHIPPED AWAY FROM UNDER THEM...
THE STAIRS HAVE FOLDED SMOOTH— WE'LL SLIDE STRAIGHT INTO THAT DOOR!

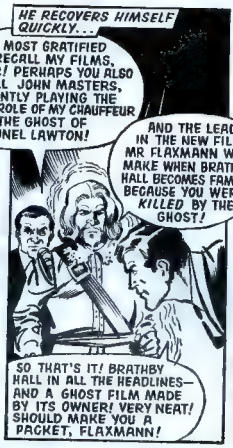
FOR THE SECOND TIME IN FIVE MINUTES DON FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED...
COME IN, GENTLEMEN...

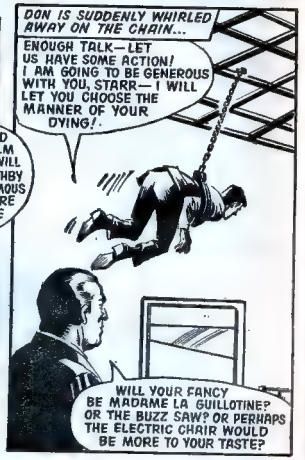
... WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR FOR YOU TO ARRIVE!
FLAXMANN! YOU'RE THE MAN BEHIND IT ALL!


...BUT...BUT THIS IS YOUR OWN HOUSE! IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT STARR AND FORSTER HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE HAUNTINGS! WHY ARE YOU PRETENDING IT'S HAUNTED?
YES, FLAXMANN. I'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT! I GUESSED YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FROM THE MOMENT YOU SHOWED US YOUR TORN COAT—EVEN THE BEST OF GHOSTS DON'T USE REAL SWORDS—BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHY YOU DID IT!

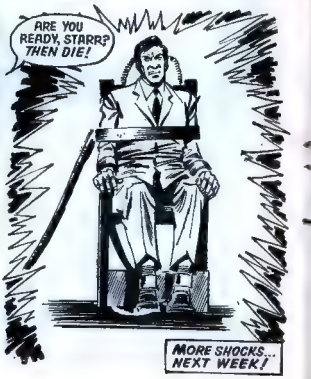
ALL IN GOOD TIME, STARR! IT WILL MAKE A SORT OF FAREWELL CONFESSION—A FAREWELL TO YOU!
CUT THE CORNY CRACKS, FLAXMANN! THAT SORT OF DIALOGUE IS THE REASON THOSE OLD FILMS YOU USED TO MAKE LOST MONEY!

FOR A MOMENT FLAXMANN'S BLAND MASK SLIPS...
YOU WILL PAY FOR THAT, STARR! I'D ALWAYS INTENDED YOU SHOULD DIE—BUT NOW I WILL MAKE YOUR DEATH AS LONG AND LINGERING AS POSSIBLE!

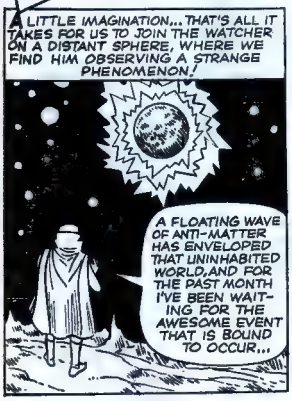

HE RECOVERS HIMSELF QUICKLY...
I'M MOST GRATIFIED YOU RECALL MY FILMS, STARR! PERHAPS YOU ALSO RECALL JOHN MASTERS, CURRENTLY PLAYING THE DUAL ROLE OF MY CHAUFFEUR AND THE GHOST OF COLONEL LAWTON!
AND THE LEAD IN THE NEW FILM MR FLAXMANN WILL MAKE WHEN BRATHBY HALL BECOMES FAMOUS BECAUSE YOU WERE KILLED BY THE GHOST!
SO THAT'S IT! BRATHBY HALL IN ALL THE HEADLINES—AND A GHOST FILM MADE BY ITS OWNER! VERY NEAT! SHOULD MAKE YOU A PACKET, FLAXMANN!

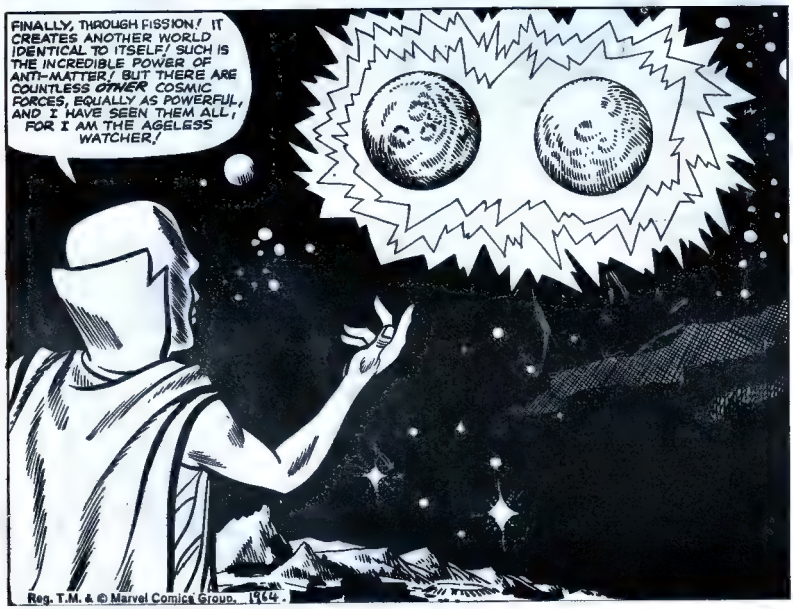

DON IS SUDDENLY WHIRLED AWAY ON THE CHAIN...
ENOUGH TALK—LET US HAVE SOME ACTION! I AM GOING TO BE GENEROUS WITH YOU, STARR—I WILL LET YOU CHOOSE THE MANNER OF YOUR DYING!
WILL YOUR FANCY BE MADAME LA GUILLOTINE? OR THE BUZZ SAW? OR PERHAPS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WOULD BE MORE TO YOUR TASTE?

YES, THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, EXCELLENT! I'M GLAD YOU CHOSE THAT—I'VE OFTEN WONDERED HOW MANY VOLTS A MAN ...COULD STAND BEFORE HE DIES! NOW WE SHALL SEE!


ARE YOU READY, STARR? THEN DIE!
MORE SHOCKS... NEXT WEEK!

Tales of THE WATCHER "THE WATCHER'S SACRIFICE!"





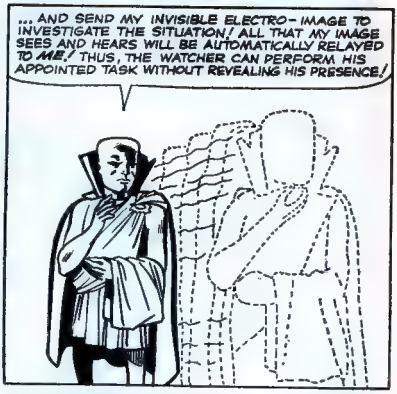
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964.

WAIT! MY MICRO-BRAIN WAVES ARE VIBRATING! I KEEP THEM CONSTANTLY ATTUNED TO SIGNS OF DANGER THROUGH OUT THE UNIVERSE! THEY INDICATE TROUBLE IN GALAXY 5! I MUST GO THERE TO OBSERVE AND RECORD THE GRIM EVENTS!

OTHER BEINGS NEED ROCKET SHIPS TO PASS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE! BUT I HAVE THE POWER TO TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO LIVING ENERGY WHICH I CAN DIRECT THROUGH MENTAL IMPULSES!

THUS, I CAN PROPEL MYSELF THROUGH THE HEAVENS FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT! IT IS THE SWIFTEST AND SAFEST OF ALL FORMS OF TRAVEL!

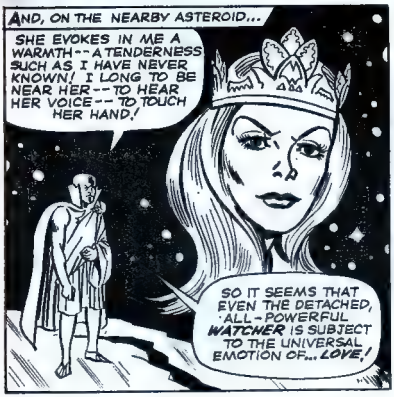
GUIDED BY HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE MICRO-BRAIN WAVES, THE WATCHER JOURNEYS UNERRINGLY THROUGH THE UNIVERSE UNTIL...
THE DISTURBANCE IS FROM THAT NEARBY PLANET! BUT INSTEAD OF GOING THERE MYSELF, I WILL ALIGHT ON THIS METALLIC ASTEROID...


... AND SEND MY INVISIBLE ELECTRO-IMAGE TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION! ALL THAT MY IMAGE SEES AND HEARS WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY RELAYED TO ME! THUS, THE WATCHER CAN PERFORM HIS APPOINTED TASK WITHOUT REVEALING HIS PRESENCE!

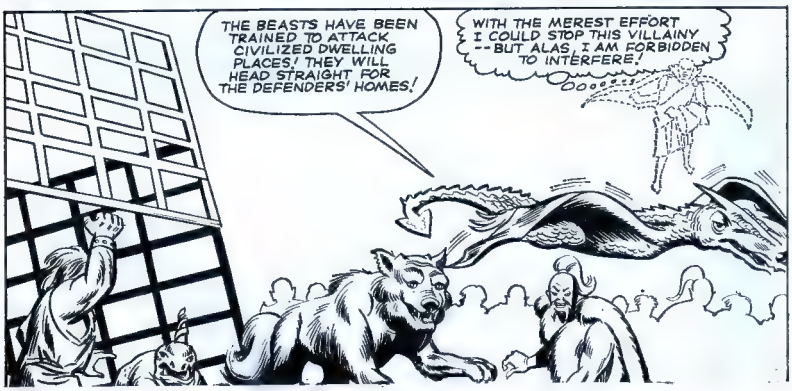
A BATTLE! FROM ALL APPEARANCES, IT IS A PEACEFUL CIVILIZATION, FORCED TO TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST BARBARIC INVADERS! A GRIM SITUATION THAT I HAVE WITNESSED COUNTLESS TIMES IN THE PAST! AND, THOUGH I YEARN TO, I HAVE NEVER USED MY LIMITLESS POWERS TO STOP THE DESTRUCTION, FOR I AM SWORN NEVER TO INTERFERE WITH THE DESTINY OF OTHERS!

THE DEFENDERS FIGHT VALIANTLY AND I SEE THE REASON! THEIR QUEEN IS AT THE FORE OF THE BATTLE... STANDING COURAGEOUSLY--SERENELY--AS AN INSPIRATION TO HER SOLDIERS!
SUCH A MAGNIFICENT GESTURE WOULD SPUR ANY WARRIOR TO FIGHT VALOUROUSLY!

BUT HER HIGHNESS IS MORE THAN COURAGEOUS! SHE IS ALSO BEAUTIFUL! STRANGE--I HAVE OBSERVED FEMALE BEAUTY THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, BUT NEVER BEFORE HAS IT AFFECTED ME THIS MUCH!


AND, ON THE NEARBY ASTEROID...
SHE EVOKES IN ME A WARMTH--A TENDERNESS SUCH AS I HAVE NEVER KNOWN! I LONG TO BE NEAR HER--TO HEAR HER VOICE--TO TOUCH HER HAND!
SO IT SEEMS THAT EVEN THE DETACHED, ALL-POWERFUL WATCHER IS SUBJECT TO THE UNIVERSAL EMOTION OF... LOVE!

AND, WHILE THE WATCHER PONDERS THIS NEW, BEWILDERING EXPERIENCE...
THE DEFENDERS FIGHT LIKE DEMONS! THEY ARE DEFEATING US!
THEN IT IS TIME FOR MY PLAN! RELEASE THE SPACE BEASTS!


THE BEASTS HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO ATTACK CIVILIZED DWELLING PLACES! THEY WILL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE DEFENDERS' HOMES!
WITH THE MEREST EFFORT I COULD STOP THIS VILLAINY--BUT ALAS, I AM FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE!

HAH! I KNEW IT WOULD WORK! THE ENEMY CANNOT LEAVE THEIR HELPLESS FAMILIES AT THE MERCY OF THE BEASTS! THEY MUST RACE HOME TO SAVE THEIR LOVED ONES!

NOW, SO FEW SOLDIERS REMAIN THAT WE CAN VANQUISH THEM NO MATTER HOW BRAVELY THEY FIGHT! AND AFTER WE DEFEAT THE REMAINING WARRIORS, WE SHALL COMPLETE OUR CONQUEST BY SLAYING THE QUEEN!

THAT UNSPEAKABLE BRUTE! IF I WERE FREE TO INTERVENE, I WOULD ERASE HIM FROM THE COSMOS! BUT I AM NOT! AND YET, I WILL NOT LET HIM HARM THE ONLY FEMALE WHO EVER TOUCHED MY HEART!
I AM PROHIBITED FROM ACTING! BUT I AM FREE TO MERELY MOVE--TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE WHEREVER I DESIRE.... WHENEVER I CHOOSE!

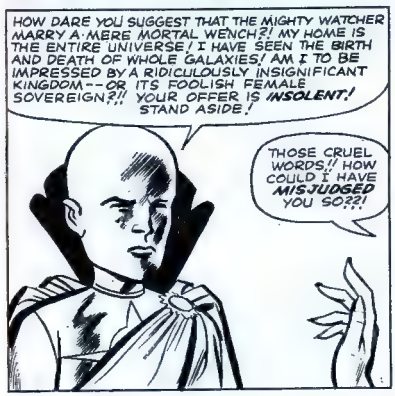
THUS, STILL RESPECTING HIS OATH, THE WATCHER DOES NO MORE THAN JOURNEY TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE... APPEARING SUDDENLY, AS THOUGH BY MAGIC.

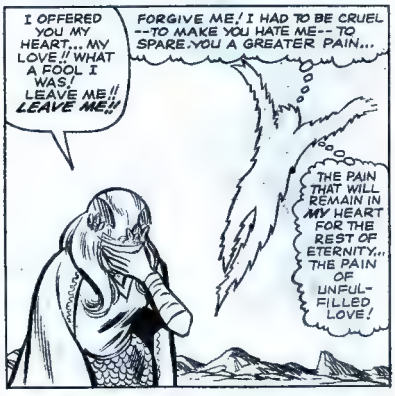
HE--HE CAME FROM NOWHERE--OUT OF EMPTY SPACE!
HE MUST BE A DEMON, SENT BY THE GODS TO PUNISH US FOR OUR MERCILESS CONQUESTS!
RUN!! LET US FLEE... BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND ROUTED THE ENEMIES OF MY PEOPLE! YOU HAVE EARNED THE EVERLASTING GRATITUDE OF QUEEN KALTHEAN
I AM KNOWN SIMPLY AS THE WATCHER!!
TELL ME, MOST NOBLE STRANGER--WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU CALLED?

WATCHER! THE NAME INTRIGUES ME! AND YOUR EYES-- IN THEM I SEE NOBLE WISDOM AND STRENGTH WITHOUT LIMIT! EVERY OUNCE OF MY FEMALE INTUITION TELLS ME THAT YOU ARE A MAN SUPERIOR TO ANY I HAVE EVER KNOWN! JUST STANDING NEAR YOU MAKES MY HEART POUND WITH EXCITEMENT! OH, WATCHER, HEAR ME WELL! I WANT YOU TO REMAIN HERE!

I OFFER YOU MY HEART AND MY KINGDOM! TOGETHER WE WILL RULE WISELY --JUSTLY! SAY THAT YOU WILL BE MY KING!
I KNOW NOW THAT I TRULY LOVE YOU! BUT I DARE NOT REVEAL IT, FOR THE WATCHER CAN NEVER MARRY! HE MUST FOREVER ROAM THE UNIVERSE! AND IF YOU KNEW OF MY LOVE, IT WOULD MAKE MY DEPARTURE EVEN MORE PAINFUL FOR YOU!


HOW DARE YOU SUGGEST THAT THE MIGHTY WATCHER MARRY A MERE MORTAL WENCH?! MY HOME IS THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE! I HAVE SEEN THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF WHOLE GALAXIES! AM I TO BE IMPRESSED BY A RIDICULOUSLY INSIGNIFICANT KINGDOM--OR ITS FOOLISH FEMALE SOVEREIGN?!! YOUR OFFER IS INSOLENT! STAND ASIDE!
THOSE CRUEL WORDS!! HOW COULD I HAVE MISJUDGED YOU SO??!


I OFFERED YOU MY HEART... MY LOVE!! WHAT A FOOL I WAS! LEAVE ME!! LEAVE ME!!
FORGIVE ME! I HAD TO BE CRUEL --TO MAKE YOU HATE ME-- TO SPARE YOU A GREATER PAIN...
THE PAIN THAT WILL REMAIN IN MY HEART FOR THE REST OF ETERNITY... THE PAIN OF UNFULFILLED LOVE!

AND IRONICALLY, ON EARTH A FEW MONTHS LATER, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, WE SEE THE HUMAN TORCH LOOKING THROUGH ONE OF THE F.F.'S MANY SCRAPBOOKS...*
Y'KNOW, BEN, I WAS WRONG! YOUR BRAIN ISN'T THE SOFTEST THING IN EXISTENCE! THE WATCHER'S JOB IS! HE SPENDS CENTURIES JUST DOING NOTHING! JUST STANDING AND LOOKING WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD! BOY! I SURE ENVY HIM!
*FOLLOW THE F.F EVERY WEEK IN WHAM!...

HE'S ONE JOKER WHO'S REALLY GOT IT MADE!
Farewell.

ODD SPORTS

PLAYING BILLIARDS ON THE LAWN

A contribution to the movement for brighter billiards was made in Italy recently when the finals for the lawn billiards champion was held.

The table was a closely-mown stretch of turf 100 feet long and 50 feet wide. Stuck in the turf were a dozen spikes each having swivelled on its top an iron ring six inches in diameter. The rings projected just above the grass and were free to spin round at the slightest touch. They were arranged on the turf at irregular distances and positions like the hoops for croquet.

The contest was played in heats of two players each. One player had a red wooden ball and the other a black one. Cues were lengths of wood like broom-handles.

The iron rings were numbered 1 to 12 and the object of the game was for the player to drive his ball through the rings in correct numerical order by striking it with the cue in the same way that a billiard ball is driven towards the pockets of a table.

Great accuracy was needed to get the ball through the ring, as the ring spun round if the ball hit it instead of going through. In the latter event, the ball had to be played round until it was in a position to be driven through.

Each player started with 100 points. He lost two points if he missed a ring, two points if he spun it round, and three points if he put a ball through a ring in wrong numerical order.

The finishing post was ring No. 12, and the winner of the heat was the player getting his ball through ring 12 with the minimum loss of points. The championship was won by a baker who made his winning shot through ring 12 with 70 points to spare. Two players were out of the contest as they ran out of points before they finished the course.

Top and spoon race

It is not only small boys who spin tops. Early this year a top-spinning contest for men was organised in a Mexican town. But it was top-spinning with a difference.

Each competitor was given a top, a length of string, a spoon and a small, flat pebble with a number marked on it. The course was the asphalt surface of a school playground.

Two lines eight feet apart were marked on the asphalt, and the numbered pebbles were laid in a row midway between the lines. Each competitor wore on his back a card with a number corresponding to that on one of the pebbles.

Contestants then formed up on one of the lines, each facing the pebble carrying his number.

At the "off," competitors wound up their tops and set them spinning. They then had to lift the spinning tops on their spoons carry them forward and drop them on the edge of the pebbles. The idea of the contest was that each competitor made his top strike or "chip" the pebble bearing his number towards the second or finishing line.

So long as the top could be kept spinning, chipping the pebble could be repeated to move it towards the finish line. But each time the spinning top had to be carried to the pebble in the spoon.

When a top ran down, it could be set spinning again. But the spinning had to start on the exact spot where the top had stopped.

The winner was the man who chipped his top first across the finishing line in the least number of rewinds. Jose Comanache, a taxi-driver, became champion by getting his pebble across the finishing line with 23 chips and five rewinds of his top.

Take one Knife, two Plates, ten Peas...

If we are well brought up we know that it is bad table-manners to eat peas with a knife. But being able to balance peas on a knife won Tom Briggs first prize of £10 in a pea and knife race in New Zealand.

Twelve competitors entered, and each was provided with two plates, ten peas and a table knife. One plate contained the ten peas and the other plate was placed on the ground 20 feet away.

At the word "off," each competitor, using one hand, had to scoop a pea on to his knife and, keeping it balanced on the knife, run to the second plate and drop it in. To make things more difficult, each competitor had his left hand tied behind his back.

The prize went to the competitor who first transferred his ten peas from the first plate to the second. Tom Briggs was an easy winner as he was the only contestant to get all his ten peas across. The runner up finished with only seven peas in his second plate.

DOWN THE DRAIN

Silas Tanner went down the drain to win a prize of 50 dollars in a race held at a summer fair in Kansas.

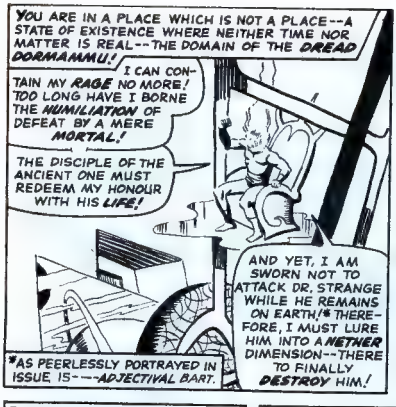
The course was through a line of drain pipes 150 yards long laid out on a field. The pipes were just big enough for a man to crawl through lying on his stomach and propelling himself with his elbows. The pipe-course contained a number of bends which needed considerable ingenuity and contortions to negotiate.

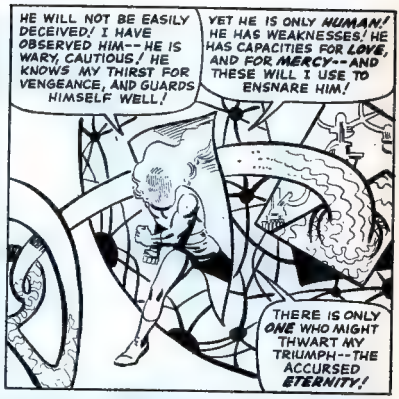
Racing was judged on a time basis, the winner being the man completing the course in the shortest time.

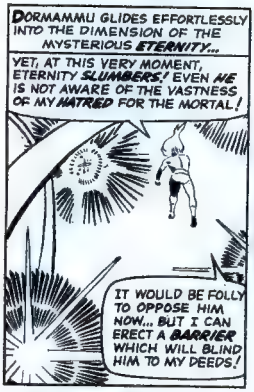
Silas got through in 16 minutes. He admitted that he had been in training for the previous six weeks at a works site where a new drainage system was being laid.

One of Silas's rivals, who was somewhat on the stout side, got hopelessly stuck in one of the curved pipes. In fact he got so firmly stuck that the pipe had to be broken up to get him out!

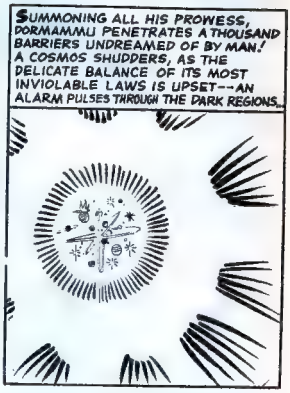
Dr. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
"THE END --AT LAST!"
THIS IS IT--!
--THE FINAL CATACLYSMIC CLASH OF CREATION'S MIGHTIEST MYSTICS! ONLY MAJESTIC POWER WOULD DARE HURL THIS EPIC BETWEEN COVERS-- ONLY YOU ARE WORTHY OF READING IT!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

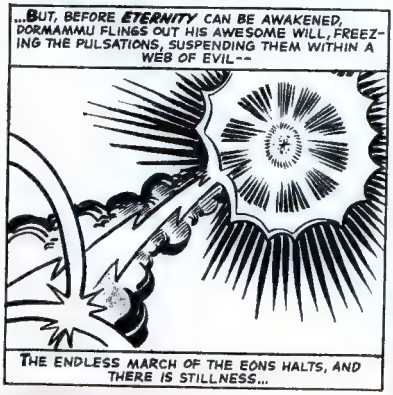

YOU ARE IN A PLACE WHICH IS NOT A PLACE--A STATE OF EXISTENCE WHERE NEITHER TIME NOR MATTER IS REAL--THE DOMAIN OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!
I CAN CONTAIN MY RAGE NO MORE! TOO LONG HAVE I BORNE THE HUMILIATION OF DEFEAT BY A MERE MORTAL!
THE DISCIPLE OF THE ANCIENT ONE MUST REDEEM MY HONOUR WITH HIS LIFE!
AND YET, I AM SWORN NOT TO ATTACK DR. STRANGE WHILE HE REMAINS ON EARTH!* THEREFORE, I MUST LURE HIM INTO A NETHER DIMENSION--THERE TO FINALLY DESTROY HIM!
*AS PEERLESSLY PORTRAYED IN ISSUE 15---ADJECTIVAL BART.

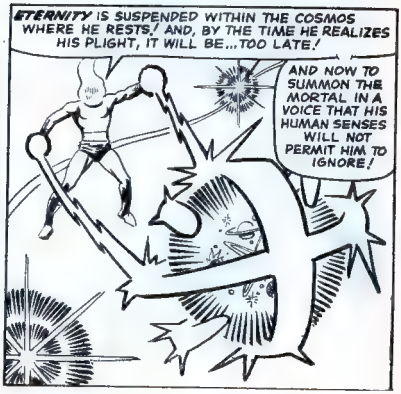

HE WILL NOT BE EASILY DECEIVED! I HAVE OBSERVED HIM--HE IS WARY, CAUTIOUS! HE KNOWS MY THIRST FOR VENGEANCE, AND GUARDS HIMSELF WELL!
YET HE IS ONLY HUMAN! HE HAS WEAKNESSES! HE HAS CAPACITIES FOR LOVE, AND FOR MERCY--AND THESE WILL I USE TO ENSNARE HIM!
THERE IS ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT THWART MY TRIUMPH--THE ACCURSED ETERNITY!


DORMAMMU GLIDES EFFORTLESSLY INTO THE DIMENSION OF THE MYSTERIOUS ETERNITY...
YET, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ETERNITY SLUMBERS! EVEN HE IS NOT AWARE OF THE VASTNESS OF MY HATRED FOR THE MORTAL!
IT WOULD BE FOLLY TO OPPOSE HIM NOW... BUT I CAN ERECT A BARRIER WHICH WILL BLIND HIM TO MY DEEDS!

AND WHEN DR. STRANGE IS DESTROYED, I SHALL ATTACK ETERNITY HIMSELF! ERE LONG, NONE IN CREATION SHALL EXCEED THE MIGHT OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!
ERE LONG, I SHALL REIGN OVER ALL THAT IS!!


SUMMONING ALL HIS PROWESS, DORMAMMU PENETRATES A THOUSAND BARRIERS UNDREAMED OF BY MAN! A COSMOS SHUDDERS, AS THE DELICATE BALANCE OF ITS MOST INVIOLABLE LAWS IS UPSET--AN ALARM PULSES THROUGH THE DARK REGIONS...

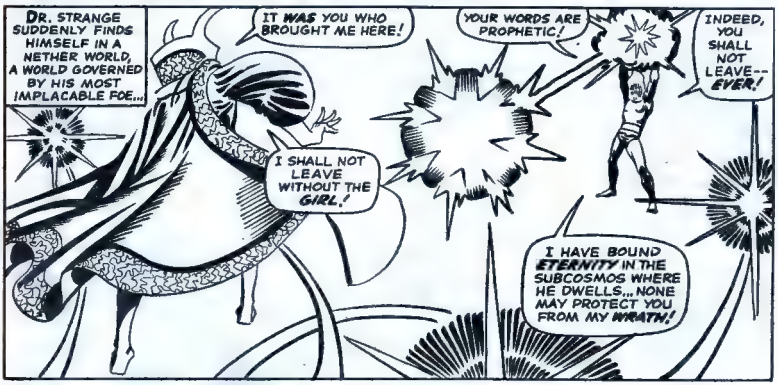

...BUT, BEFORE ETERNITY CAN BE AWAKENED, DORMAMMU FLINGS OUT HIS AWESOME WILL, FREEZING THE PULSATIONS, SUSPENDING THEM WITHIN A WEB OF EVIL--
THE ENDLESS MARCH OF THE EONS HALTS, AND THERE IS STILLNESS...

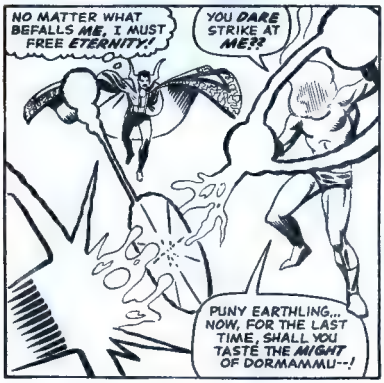

ETERNITY IS SUSPENDED WITHIN THE COSMOS WHERE HE RESTS! AND, BY THE TIME HE REALIZES HIS PLIGHT, IT WILL BE...TOO LATE!
AND NOW TO SUMMON THE MORTAL IN A VOICE THAT HIS HUMAN SENSES WILL NOT PERMIT HIM TO IGNORE!

A SHORT TIME LATER, STILL WEAK FROM THE BULLET WOUND RECEIVED IN HIS BATTLE WITH MR. RASPUTIN, DR. STRANGE IS LEAVING A HOSPITAL ON HIS WAY HOME WHEN...
HELP ME! ...YOU MUST HELP ME...
SOME OUTSIDE FORCE HAS SEIZED MY MYSTIC AMULET...
...AND CALLS TO ME--IN THE VOICE OF THE GIRL WHO SAVED MY LIFE!

THE AMULET GROWS, AND OPENS! THOUGH I FEAR THIS MAY BE DORMAMMU'S TRICK, I MUST ENTER--FOR I AM PLEDGED TO FREE THE SILVER-HAIRED STRANGER! I MUST HEED HER SUMMONS!
WHAT'S THAT--? SOME NEW ADVERTISING GIMMICK?

THAT SELFSAME INSTANT, THE AMULET MELTS INTO NOTHINGNESS...
I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS!
IF I SAW WHAT I THINK I SAW--AWW, NO--I COULDN'T!
IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF MASS HALLUCINATION--THAT'S ALL!


DR. STRANGE SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A NETHER WORLD, A WORLD GOVERNED BY HIS MOST IMPLACABLE FOE...
IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT ME HERE!
YOUR WORDS ARE PROPHETIC!
INDEED, YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE--EVER!
I SHALL NOT LEAVE WITHOUT THE GIRL!
I HAVE BOUND ETERNITY IN THE SUBCOSMOS WHERE HE DWELLS... NONE MAY PROTECT YOU FROM MY WRATH!


NO MATTER WHAT BEFALLS ME, I MUST FREE ETERNITY!
YOU DARE STRIKE AT ME??
PUNY EARTHLING... NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME, SHALL YOU TASTE THE MIGHT OF DORMAMMU--!

I WILL REND YOUR SPIRIT FROM YOUR BODY... YOU SHALL BE AS ASHES SCATTERED IN THE WIND!
I AM WEAKENED... MY STRENGTH CANNOT MATCH HIS...
BUT, PERHAPS MY WITS CAN!

SUDDENLY, THE SPACE BETWEEN THE ANTAGONISTS IS RIPPED APART, AND THERE STANDS THE DEATHLESS, UNFATHOMABLE FIGURE OF...ETERNITY!
LET THIS VIOLENCE END! I SO DECREE!
YOUR QUARREL DID NOT CONCERN ETERNITY, DORMAMMU, UNTIL YOU PRESUMED TO LOCK ME WITHIN MY RESTING PLACE! YOU HAVE TAMPERED WITH THAT WHICH IS SACRED!
RETURN TO EARTH, HUMAN! I SHALL DEAL WITH DORMAMMU!
DORMAMMU WILL NOT BE SHAMED AGAIN!
NEVER HAS DORMAMMU SEEMED SO DETERMINED! WILL HE DARE BATTLE ETERNITY?
RATHER WOULD I PERISH THAN SUFFER ANEW THE STING OF DEFEAT! TOO LONG HAS MY WILL BEEN CONFINED BY YOURS...TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN DENIED MY RIGHTFUL SUPREMACY...
IN TRUTH, IT IS NOT THE EARTHLING WHOM I MUST HUMBLE...
IT IS... ETERNITY!!!
FOOL! DO YOU NOT REALIZE THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS?
A TREMOR RISES FROM THE DEEPEST SPRINGS OF BEING--A DREADFUL CHILL CLUTCHES THE VERY COSMOS...

...AS THE DREAD DORMAMMU, BLIND WITH FURY, HURLS THE TOTALITY OF HIS EVIL FORCE INTO THE ENTITY CALLED...ETERNITY!
BE WARNED, INFAMOUS ONE --YOU CANNOT SURVIVE THIS BLASPHEMOUS ATTACK!
DORMAMMU IS MAD! HE WILL BE DESTROYED-- BUT WHAT IF ETERNITY HIMSELF PERISHES IN THE ENSUING HOLOCAUST?!!
HUMAN EYES HAVE NEVER WITNESSED SUCH A STRUGGLE!

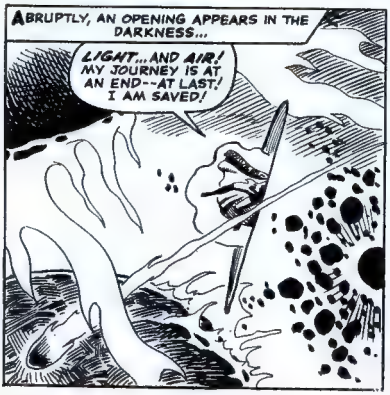
IT IS AS I HAVE FEARED! THE CATACLYSMIC IMPACT OF THEIR CLASH THREATENS TO DESTROY THEM BOTH!

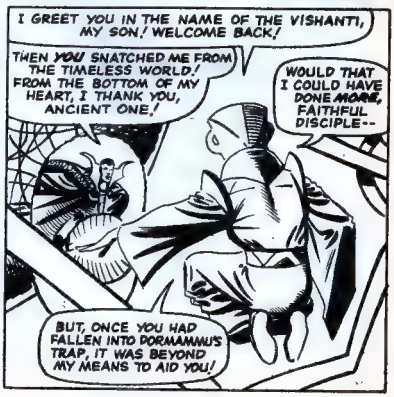
THEN, ETERNITY VANISHES AS A FIERCE MAELSTROM RIPS ACROSS THE VOID! THE DREAD DORMAMMU FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT, HELPLESS, BETWEEN TWO ONRUSHING SPHERES...
IF THIS BE MY DESTINY, THEN I WELCOME IT!
FOR, IF I MUST PERISH ...ETERNITY, TOO, SHALL CRUMBLE!
BUT, DORMAMMU'S VOICE IS STILLED AS THE SPHERES COLLIDE!
THERE IS A MIND-SHATTERING EXPLOSION, AS THEY DISINTEGRATE IN A BURST OF TERRIBLE ENERGY...
...A FLASH OF LIGHT BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND EXPLODING SUNS, WHICH SEEMS TO SHRED THE VERY FABRIC OF EXISTENCE!
STUNNED BY WHAT HE HAS WITNESSED, THE MYSTIC MORTAL IS HURLED THROUGH SHEER CHAOS...
THE SUBSTANCE OF ETERNITY IS BEING DISINTEGRATED BY THE FORCE OF DORMAMMU'S ATTACK...
WHERE IS ETERNITY--IS HE GONE--FOREVER?
I CAN DO NOTHING TO ALTER MY FLIGHT! MY PSYCHIC SHIELD MAY SAVE ME FOR A TIME... UNTIL I COLLIDE WITH SOME NAMELESS FORCE!
THEN I WILL SUFFER THE FATE OF DORMAMMU...
SUDDENLY...
AN UNSEEN POWER FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION HAS GRASPED ME! I'M BEING CARRIED--WHERE!?

SHIELDED BY HIS PSYCHIC FORCE FIELD, DR. STRANGE IS PULLED TOWARD AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION, PAST SIGHTS WHICH NO MORTAL BRAIN CAN HOPE TO COMPREHEND--!

I'M *FREE* OF THE NETHERWORLD! I CAN SENSE MY BODY *AGING* ONCE MORE! THIS IS A DIMENSION WHERE *TIME* EXISTS--I MUST BE ON THE EDGE OF MY OWN COSMOS!

WILL I *REMAIN* HERE--OR WILL I PLUNGE ONCE MORE INTO THE PLACES OF PERPETUAL NIGHT?

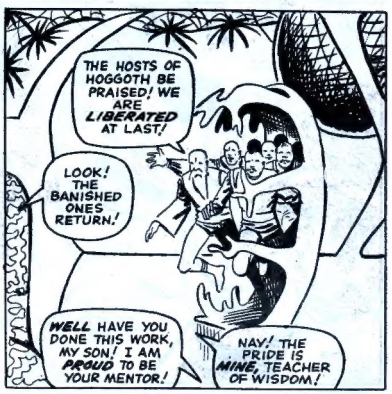




NO HUMAN MIND CAN RETAIN THE THINGS I HAVE SEEN! ALREADY, THE MEMORIES BEGIN TO FADE...
DORMAMMU IS NO MORE! HIS PHYSICAL FORM WAS REDUCED TO NOTHINGNESS WHEN THE SPHERES EXPLODED! IF HE EXISTS AT ALL, IT IS AS A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT, SHORN OF MIND AND WILL!
COULD YOU TELL WHAT HAPPENED TO DORMAMMU AND ETERNITY?
I KNOW NOT THE FATE OF ETERNITY!

THOUGH THE DREAD DORMAMMU IS GONE, THE CONTAMINATION OF HIS EVIL PERSISTS! YOU MUST EVER DEVOTE YOUR ENERGIES TO RIDDING THE WORLD OF THAT DREAD LEGACY!
BY THE ETERNAL VISHANTI, I SHALL, MASTER! BUT WHO ARE THESE?
WE ARE THOSE MORTALS WHOSE PSYCHES WERE ENSLAVED BY DORMAMMU! WE WERE FREED WHEN HE PERISHED!
YOU HAVE OUR GRATITUDE --AND OUR PLEDGE TO ASSIST YOU!

IT IS A PLEDGE I TRULY CHERISH!
AND, IF THE SPELLS OF DORMAMMU WERE LIFTED FROM YOU, OTHERS MAY NOW ALSO BE LIBERATED!
LET THOSE BANISHED TO HIDDEN DIMENSIONS BE RETURNED TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE! LET THE DOMINION OF EVIL BE LIFTED FROM THEIR HEARTS! BY THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM DO I COMMAND IT!


THE HOSTS OF HOGGOTH BE PRAISED! WE ARE LIBERATED AT LAST!
LOOK! THE BANISHED ONES RETURN!
WELL HAVE YOU DONE THIS WORK, MY SON! I AM PROUD TO BE YOUR MENTOR!
NAY! THE PRIDE IS MINE, TEACHER OF WISDOM!

BARON MORDO, MY OMNIPRESENT ENEMY! I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT YOU, TOO, WERE FLUNG INTO THE NETHER DIMENSIONS WHEN YOU DISPLEASED DORMAMMU!
I WILL NOT BURDEN YOU WITH TALK OF GRATITUDE, STRANGE! I KNOW IT WILL MEAN AS LITTLE TO YOU AS IT DOES TO ME!
THOUGH YOU HAVE RETURNED ME TO THIS MORTAL SPHERE, I DESPISE YOU STILL!

SOMEONE ELSE EMERGES... COULD IT BE THAT MY QUEST IS ALSO ENDED? YES! IT IS SHE WHO SAVED MY LIFE-- THE SILVER-HAIRED ONE I HAVE SOUGHT FOR SO MANY MONTHS!
WHATEVER DEBT YOU MIGHT HAVE OWED ME IS NOW MORE THAN REPAID, MYSTIC ONE!

OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN INTERTWINED, YET I DO NOT KNOW YOUR NAME--NOR WHY YOU RISKED DORMAMMU'S WRATH TO ASSIST ME!

THERE IS MUCH PLEASURE IN SPEAKING MY NAME TO YOU, DR. STRANGE--IT IS CLEA! YOUR OTHER QUESTION MUST WAIT!

LISTEN! THE ANCIENT ONE ADDRESSES THE EXILES!

WHEN HE GIVES VOICE--ALL MUST BE SILENT!

YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR PLEDGE TO AID DR. STRANGE IN CLEANSING DORMAMMU'S EVIL! YOU MUST BEGIN TO REDEEM THAT PLEDGE IMMEDIATELY! I AM OLD... MY DAYS ARE NUMBERED!

BUT YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH TO COMPLETE WHAT MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED! CHOOSE NOW A LEADER FROM AMONG YOURSELVES...

CHOOSE ANY... SAVE MORDO!

WE WILL REMAIN MY PRISONER UNTIL THE EVIL IN HIS HEART HAS DIED!

YOU MUST GO NOW, DR. STRANGE...BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU DWELL! IMPORTANT TASKS AWAIT YOU THERE!

YES, YOU ARE RIGHT!

MAY THE VISHANTI PROTECT YOU! THOUGH WE EACH HAVE OUR SEPARATE TASKS, I FEEL IN MY HEART THAT IT IS OUR DESTINY TO MEET AGAIN!

UNTIL THEN, FAREWELL, MASTER OF MYSTIC ARTS!

I PRAY YOUR PROPHECY WILL SOON COME TO PASS! FAREWELL...CLEA!

BARE MINUTES AFTER HE LEFT, DR. STRANGE RETURNS TO THE STREET CORNER NEAR THE HOSPVILLAGE--MINUTES WHICH HAVE ALTERED HIS DESTINY...

...AND THAT OF THE LOVELY CLEA!

MY AMULET RETURNS AT LAST! ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE!

I AM DRAINED... MY VERY SOUL IS NUMB WITH FATIGUE...

I SHALL GO TO THE QUIET OF MY RETREAT, TO REST... AND SAVOUR THE SWEET RAPTURE OF THE NAME, CLEA...

AND SO, DR. STRANGE MOVES AWAY FROM US WEARILY, HIS GREATEST BATTLE WON!

THE END

THUS ENDS THE MOST BIZARRE ADVENTURE IN THE ANNALS OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! NEXT WEEK THE MASTER OF MYSTERY BEGINS A NEW LIFE! SHARE IT WITH HIM THEN!

IRON MAN
"IF I FAIL, A WORLD IS LOST!"
FEATURING THE INHUMAN MENACE OF...
ATTUMA
HERE'S JUST A PEEP AT WHAT LOOKS LIKE BEING ONE OF THE MOST MIND-JARRING EPISODES OF TINHEAD'S CAREER !! SEE IT THIS WEEK IN FANTASTIC!

A Power House PIN-UP
POWER MAN
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.